victed the poor fellow?"

(Copyright, by The Cassell Publishing Co.)

CHAPTER VI.

At eight o'clock in the evening of this same Friday, Medical Examiner Jarratt sat at his deak in the office at his bease, busily writing.

"Upon making a careful and complete examination of the body of the man named Paul North, I find that a batt probably fired from a revolver of 32 caliber, at an angle of probably 20 de grees, and from a distance not exceeding three feet, entered his back near the spinal column at the seventh intercostal space on the right side, and passed in an inward and upward direction, going through the upper portion of the liver and completely through the lower lobe of the right lung.

"The path of the ball was not arrest ed, showing that it was fired in the direction indicated. It pierced the lung nearly opposite the third rib and left the body on the front side, just above the rib named.

"I do not find that the said Paul North could have committed suicide. The position of the entrance of the ball, and Its direction, seemed to deny this pos

There was ample external hemor rhage to have permitted the man to have written the words on the wall of the room in which he was found. If so Immediately the writing was concluded he no doubt died.

"Death was painless, and resulted from internal hemorrhage, caused by the opening of an artery in the right

The ringing of the office bell suspend ed the report of the autopsy over Paul

North's body at this point. Dr. Jarrett rose to meet his caller, recognizing him at once as the reporter whom he had met a few hours previous

ly at the house in Mariboro street "Ah, Thomas," he said, "still on the case, eh? A very good story, that of yours in the afternoon paper-very judicious indeed."

"Thanks," the reporter answered. "And now I want you to help me get out an equally good story, or a better one, for the morning. The autopsy was per formed at the City Hospital morgue, o course. Can't you give me the report? Dr. Jarrett shook his head and rubbed

"There isn't a man I would soone give out the report to than you, Thomas, but it wouldn't do to have it published before it's submitted. All I can say at this point really is that I have no

doubt whatever that murder has been committed." Mr. Thomas fingered his watch chain,

"Not a word more?" he queried. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Thomas," the medical examiner answered, after a meditative turn up and down the hall. "You have kept a good many important secrets when the work of the authorities couldn't have been done without your silence. I'll tell you who assisted in the autopsy. You could interview him without mentioning my name in the

A broad smile illumined the reporter's face, and he presented the medical examiner with a very comprehensive

"Dr. Francis Huntress is the man," continued the examiner, confidentially, "He has an office where he lives, at No. - Greenwich Park.'

"I know him well," said Mr. Thomas, as he parted from the doctor; and there was full justification for the words in the friendly greeting accorded to him at the surgeon's door.

Two minutes after he had pulled at the bell handle. Thomas was comfortably ensconced in an easy-chair in the doctor's study, the physician sitting opposite to him at his desk, where a drop light burned.

"You are the most extraordinary fetlow," the surgeon exclaimed, admiringly, after Thomas had stated his mission. Some of the morgue people must have told you I was called in. No? Well, never mind-we'll assume you divined it, as you have a hundred other matters supposed to be the most profound of secrets. But I'll tell you one thing, my black-haired friend. This is one of the most curious and remarkable cases that ever came to my attention!"

"You have no doubt it was a case of murder?" questioned Mr. Thomas, busy with his watch charm.

"I can find no other explanation. You saw the wound; you noticed how the THE SURGEON SCRUTINIZED THE man lay? Now the bullet was a 32 caliber pistol ball. It entered at an angle of certainly no less than 26 degrees, and went upwards and inwards in that direction. I don't know whether you observed any traces of powder on the man's clothing?"

"No." "They were there, nevertheless. And that means that the pistol from which the fatal shot was fired couldn't have been held more than three feet away. At the same time we concluded it must have been more than two. And this, you see, effectually disposes of the theory of suicide."

"And now, doctor, I want to ask you two or three questions. In the first place, isn't it within the possibilities of medical science to determine just how

long a man has been dead?" "Anywhere within 24 or 36 hours,

probably yes." "With how much accuracy?"

"Well, possibly within an hour."

"As close as that?"

"I believe that most surgeons and physicians accept the proposition of an eminent surgeon and chemist who stated a few years ago that the day will come when we may first determine the general health of the subject by examination of the other organs, and then submit the clotted blood in the heart to microscopic tests. The blood, you know, is made up of three parts-the serum.

and the red and white corpuscles. The

red corpuscles contain the life. That

life remains for several days after

death if the body is without disease to

induce overrapid decomposition. The length of time which has elapsed since the heart ceased to beat may be determined by the amount of life in the red corpuscies. The same test is also applied to the contents of the other ves-

"Have those tests been applied in this case, doctor?

"Yes; but merely as an experiment to compare with the other tests applied. I am happy to say they showed, in a measure, the probable reliability of the theory. "And what were those other tests?"

"Most bodies become quite cold in from eight to twelve hours after death. In the cases of bodies which present certain signs that I need not detail, we know that death has not been present more than 12 hours. In from 12 to 18 hours, however, the eyebalis become soft and inelastic and feel flaccid. The last sign of the earliest stage of death is the rigor mortis. This is, perhaps, the gesture. most dependable of the signs we have to guide us at present. Of course, the rigidity of the body may continue beyoud a week, but the circumstances which would occasion this would be too extraordinary to be unnoticed. Considering all these things, I should repeat that the length of time which Mr. North has been dead is tolerably certain."

"And from this, when did you dater mine that Mr. North had died? "Perhaps Dr. Jarrett would object to

my giving that information to the press," said the surgeon, hesitatingly, "Then don't give it to the press. Give it to me."

Thomas smiled insinuatingly, "And you-what will you do with it?"

"Compare it with such other informaion as I already possess, to see if my uspicions are correct.

You suspect samebody?" "Everybody,"

"Then I understand that this com munication is confidential?" he asked, "Decidedly, for the present."

"In that case, I don't mind telling you that we came to the conclusion that Mr. North was shot between eight and nine o'clock last night,"

"Of course, you know about that strange writing on the wall?" "Yes," was the answer; "Dr. Jarrett

was in blood ' "Do you think Mr. North could have written it himself?"

"Well, that's a leading question," answered the surgeon, as he leaned back "I did not see the writing." in his chair. "No?" said Thomas. He unrolled the

The surgeon scrutinized the scrawl of him." with great interest.

is-natural size, just as it looks."

"Well, this is most extraordinary," denly to have deserted him and the fin- scott

But how about that, d

"There is, at least, no conclusive rea- with you. son why he might not have written it himself. It was certainly done with his



SCRAWL WITH GREAT INTEREST.

forefinger. A careful examination of the end of that finger convinces me that it had not only been dipped in blood, but thereafter drawn over a surface while wet. The difference in the degree of the stain at different parts of the finger indicates that. How far above the floor is this writing?"

"Just about a foot and a half. It is a tinted wall, and the writing is immediately above the footboard. "Was the writing horizontal? Did

it run just parallel with the footboard?" "Just about."

"If a man had directed this writing from a higher point, Thomas, he would have written back handed. How was the slope of the letters?" "Natural."

"And have you seen any specimens of North's handwriting? Does he form his letters that way?"

"Yes; as nearly as could be expected under the circumstances." "Then I should say," said the surgeon rising, "that it is more than probable

that North wrote it." "But with a wound like that," snggested the reporter, "death must have

been instantaneous." "Ah, there you have failed to distinguish between speedy death and in- Thomas, that your opinion of the case stantaneous death. What is commonly called instantaneous death-from a ton Stackhouse. What would you say shot in the heart, for instance-is by if I told you that the said gentleman's no means such. A second is an hour to ! elsewhere has one weak spot in it, ina dying man. On the other hand, the volving the precise period of time that severing of the spinal column by a bu!- | you have meationed?" let would actually out a thought in two.

Man goes into the presence of his Maker | hourly expectation of Thornton Stackunder such circumstances without an | house's arrest." instant to prepare himself. But in a case like North's we must take into consideration the power of the human will | Present. And so you have already conto prolong life,"

"But this writing on the wall was not an act of memory.

"No. But with thought in a man of strong purpose would come quick deter- the under side of his chair, which was mination of the power to act, even at tipped back against the wall, that moment. You must bear in mind "I must confess," Thomas that Mr. North's death was caused by way." the filling of his lungs with blood inand Mr. North's will power would have | you know-against him. But then-" enabled him to prolong his life 60 seconds-perhaps even 180 seconds-ample his cigar. time for the writing of this name on the "Thomas, what is your definition of wall, as you can see. Take the name a good theory of a mystery?" he sudhad to dip your finger in the writing from him. fluid four times. There. Now time yourself. How long did it take you?"

"Just 20 seconds," said Mr. Thomas. possibilities in this matter of the writing; and I tell you, Thomas, this talk with you only confirms and emphasizes | Thomas. my belief that here you have a great told you to good use, I shall be glad: Stackhouse being the man?" but mind, I shall not look to see it in the morning papers."

The surgeon had arisen and was accompanying the reporter to the door. Thomas stopped him by a restraining of his guilt leaves unexplained?"

"By the way, doctor, stand just as you are. Now will you put your finger on that part of your body corresponding to that where Paul North was shot?"

The surgeon obliged him. Thomas, standing behind him, made several should be so anxious to convict him. rapid measurements and calculations with his eye and hand.

ed upward at an angle of 20 degrees!"

The surgeon, who hastened to attempt the experiment, uttered an exclamation | ing his eyes; "there is more in this case, of surprise.

when he thinks he has observed the half-hour's further conversation, it was whole, sometimes," he said. "Why, I with the conviction that, unless some never thought of this before." "What, doctor?"

have been upon his knees."
"Precisely! Precisely!" excuatmed skillful treatment

Thomas, "Just my thoughts exactly. What same person would fire a pistol at What same person would here a pistor at a man in any such direction in an erect attitude? It would be almost equally The Friday when the body of Paul absurd if the assassin had been seated.

"You are right," returned the surgeon, said there was no doubt that a name was thoughtfully. "He might have been for the police department, under the scrawled there, and that the writing crouching behind some article of furniture-"Or been previously knocked down!"

Thomas interposed, turning a very every nook and corner, turning his meaning look upon the surgeon's face. "So, indeed! That would indicate, then, a struggle to your mind!"

photographer's proof. "Well, there it fired in self-defense, or from momentary home was hidden the weapon which had passion induced by North's treatment | caused Paul North's death.

When Thomas found himself in the zance and a mind unsettled and ill at cool air of the June night again, he case that about noon on Saturday he "Why, you can plainly mark hastened at a round pace in the direc- sought a conference with his chief at how many times he was obliged to dip tion of Newspaper Row. He was near headquarters; for even Inspector Aphis finger by the corresponding heavi- the door of his own office when a man plebee had his superior officer. ness of outline. Observe the S, the a, jumped from a horse car and tapped the h, and finally the letter following him upon the shoulder. It was Detec- spector, as the door was closed, and the the u, where his strength seems sud- tive John Lamm, direct from Swamp- two men found themselves alone in the

ger dragged downwards. That makes "What's your hurry, Kingman?" he any arrests? What's on your mind? inquired, with the easy assurance of a Have you found out anything?" "Yes, if he wrote it," said Thomas, familiar acquaintance. "Come up into | "Found out anything? I've for

> frank smile, "I'm rather driven to-night, an arrest to-day, I've now reached a It's that North mystery, you under- point where I don't know whom to susstand.

> "How do you know that isn't the very matter I wanted to talk with you ing point. When we separated last about?" returned Mr. Lamm, taking the night, you were sure the partner was reporter's arm with good-humored in- our man." sistence, and escorting him, half-re- "I was. In the first place, North luctantly, to his own private den, as he seemed to have written his name on the called it.

> me," said the detective, after they were ment of death is a very solemn one. fairly settled in their chairs. "It came man isn't likely at such a time to into me when I saw you just now that we dulge in feelings of petty spite or pracmight work this case together. It tical joking is he, now? wouldn't be the first case we have handled together, eh?"

"You're right," said Thomas.

stand," pursued Mr. Lamm, quite warmernment, of course. Private parties, cidence." And my opinion, gathered from all I have been able to ascertain about the shortly. case, is that it is very mysterious, very complicated, and may baffle even the most thorough investigation."

Thomas pursed up his lips, and regarded the gas jet doubtfully. "You don't think so, eh?"

"When I hear what Thornton Stackhouse's alib! is, I can answer you bet-

"Alibi, eh? So you have the medical examiner's report? Good! Just what I was after. When did North die?" The reporter laughingly parried this

query with another. "Do you suppose I have the doctor's report on the autopsy in my coat pock-

Mr. Lamm ventured to express a shrewd suspicion that his friend did possess, by some fortunate chance or other, the essential facts of that report, and Mr. Thomas guite justified that suspicion by letting him know, in strict confidence, the outcome of his interview with the surgeon.

The detective uttered a long, low whistle. "Curious! Mighty curious!" he com-

mented. "If you'll be so good as to give me an opportunity." suggested Thomas, "I'll

be pleased to ejaculate with you." "Um-ha! You said a moment ago, would depend upon the alibi of Thorn-

"I should say nothing, but remain in

did Thoraton Stackhouse spend last partner. "Very well. See that you do say nething, for the secret is yours and mine at night? At his house at the beach, where the women folk would certainly be expected to need him at such a time as this.

of all times? No, sir. At the Adams John Lamm took one of the cigars house." which stood upright in the upper pocket of his vest, and drew a match against "That means trouble in the family." "And very serious trouble. Men quarrel with their wives often enough; but not often under such circumstances as

daughter after all."

"An adopted child."

"Adopted at what age?"

"Watch that woman."

"You may be sure I shall."

"No?"

us at all."

own suspicions."

old.

"How did you find the family?"

le. Stackhouse's wife alone preserves

her senses, and she is a tartar. She

seemed to take my visit as a personal

affront, and read me a lecture on pro-

priety. I confess I lost my temper. 'Do

you intend to hinder justice all you can, or to help it?' said I. 'It's not in my

province to do either,' she said, with a

defiant look in her eye. 'I shall let jus-

tice take its course.' I can forgive a

young woman with plenty of money

for doing a great deal, but there's such

a thing as overdoing the high and

mighty. I couldn't imagine what made

her seem so unmoved by her father's

death till I learned that she's not his

"Took her out of the Temporary Home

in Charles street when she was a year

"How about the other daughter?"

"She's his own daughter, but I didn't

ee her. I was given to understand she

was completely prostrated by her fa-ther's death. She is between 17 and 78

years old, and I doubt if she could help

"But all this doesn't explain what has

unsettled your ideas about Stackhouse

So far you have only confirmed your

"Ah, but there have been several new

acts. At an early hour this morning

I deputed two men to make a thorough

canvass of the neighborhood for the pur-

pose of ascertaining whether anybody

live directly opposite, who would be

more likely to have observed than any-

body else, left for Newport yesterday

morning. Still, we have found a servant

girl, Hannah Doyle, who lives several

houses further down. This woman

positively declares that when she was

returning home after dark about half-past nine on Thursday hight, she saw

a woman-a young woman, she believes

touse and walk away.

mistaken in the house?"

North house is boarded up."

"I think so."

an accomplice."

"This is important, Applebee."

come down the steps of the North

"The deuce she did! Can she not be

"She says not. What made her notice

the woman and remember the circum-

stance was the peculiar fact that any-

body should be coming out of a house

boarded up for the summer. And no

"Half-past nine must have been later

word since-declares her complicity."

"It seems proof positive."

"That has an odd look, too."

closed, but the box was open."

ses?

there.'

who that woman was."

"Of what nature?"

"Have you no clew?"

the family have been away."

"How do you know?"

lose their strength.

"So It seems."

"Just one."

"Important," said the chief inspector,

quickly. "Important. Now, how thor-

ough has been your search of the prem-

"I did not take any chances. I took

wo men with me. We even visited the

in detail. Stackhouse has been eager to

afford us any help. He has even given

us every key we asked for. The search

has been thorough. The pistol is not

"So then it only remains to discover

"A perfume. To be sure, there is a

handkerchief, but it is unmarked and I

have inquired at the stores where they

sell such things, to no purpose. I told

lace. It was upon the stairs, between

the second and third floors, not a great

many steps from the door of the library,

and it had not been lying there any fif-

teen days, which is the length of time

"Bless you, I took it to a chemist. He

assured me that to be as fresh as that

the perfume must have been applied

within two days at the longest. It is one

"I don't see but your chain is com-

plete, then, so far as it goes. No man

ever carried that handkerchief. It must

have been dropped by a woman. The

woman was seen coming away after the

of those volatile preparations that soon

'I must confess," Thomas replied. that it looks to me something that these. "Frightened to death. Stupid. Idiot-

"Oh, indeed, yes. The evidence is stead of air. It was a painless death, strong-even stronger, probably, than In lieu of continuing, Lamm lighted

Paul North; trace it slowly, as if you deply inquired, as he threw the match 'I don't know that I ever thought of defining It.

"Well, I'll tell you what mine is. A "Exactly. Now you understand the good theory is one which thoroughly cossibilities in this matter of the writer explains all the facts in the case." "Short and comprehensive," said

"I subscribe to it. That's my idea, case—one of the most extraordinary in Now, is there any fact in the case, so my experience. If you can put what I've far known, inconsistent with Thornton

> "None at all." 'Ah! And yet I can see plainly enough that you don't subscribe to my opinion. Is there any fact which the supposition

"There is one fact which the supposition of his guilt does not explain." "Well, now we are coming to the

point. What is it?" "It doesn't explain to my mind why a certain individual of my acquaintance

"Name the man." "It would be a breach of professional "There is something decidedly curious etiquette. But as you and I are old here, doctor," he said. "Stand behind friends, Thomas, and never betray each me, please. Suppose me your intended other's confidences. I don't mind saying victim, if it's not too great a strain on to you that, if you can get hold of any your imagination. Now see where you tacts tending to explain Mr. Richard must hold your pistol to comply with Feiridge's strong interest in this case, all conditions-within three feet, point- I shall be exceedingly obliged if you

will bring them to me."
"Jupiter!" exclaimed Thomas, open had been seen going in or coming out of the North house on the night of the murder. Unfortunately the reople who

then, than I thought "Curious how much a man may miss | And when he left the room after a unexpected thing happened to determine otherwise, the North mystery "The man who fired that ball must would turn out to be a complication worthy of his best thought and his most

CHAPTER VII.

North was discovered, and the day folactive superintendence and guidance of Inspector Applebee.

bull's-eye upon the recesses of every trunk and box, sounding every cask and receptacle, making sure that nowhere "It would indicate that the murderer within the four walls of Paul North's It was with Tather a puzzled counte

> "Well, Applebee!" said the chief inlittle office; "are you prepared to make

too much. There's just the trouble When I woke up this morning my mind Reporter Thomas consulted his watch. was settled. Four hours' work and it's "The fact is, old man," he said, with a all at sea again Fully prepared to make

> pect, or what to think." "Well, take this morning for a start-

wall in his own blood. Now, it strikes "Kingman, I know you, and you know me that an accusation made at the mo-

"I should say not, decidedly. But why were you so sure that he wrote it?" "Because the doctors say he could "Now, I'm interested in this North have done it, and that there are few cirmystery very particularly, you under- cumstances of death like that under which such a thing could happen. And ing to his subject, now that he was it strikes me that to assume somebody closeted with a tried friend, and at an else did it in face of such a report, is hour when he was reasonably secure taking too much advantage of what from interruption. "Not for the gov- must be in that case a remarkable coin-

"Coincidences happen," said the chief. "So they do. But in nine hundred and

ninety-nine chances out of a thousand, if a murderer endeavored to throw us off by such a ruse, the medical examiner would discover the trick at a glance, and denounce the writing as a fraud.

"Even so. How do you know what North had in his mind to write? He might have started in to declare 'Stackhouse is my executor,' or 'Stackhouse inherits my property,' or 'Stackhouse is-' anything else you may please to Imagine."

"True," said Applebee, doubtfully, "And then, again, we are not unquestionably sure that the writing is intended for Stackhouse, are we?"

"After two hours of inspection and experiment, I am fully persuaded that it cannot be anything else." "And how does Stackhouse himself

hour at which the crime was committed. impress you?" "Confound the man! He puzzles me. You naven't forgotten that perfume, I I had a long talk with him this morn-"Assuredly not. If I ever get near ing. He carries a 32 caliber pistol. There are no signs of its having been enough to the woman who uses it-but that's the trouble. I'm afraid she's not recently discharged."

"I presume he knows how to clean apt to pay me a visit." it," said the chief inspector, dryly. "You must visit her, then. Meanwhile, what about the threatening letter which "No doubt and how to fire it, too. But what good does that do us? I put was written to North a week or two previous to the crime?" the case to him plainly. I said: 'Stack-"Bless me! I had nearly forgotten it. house, this is no time for conventionalities. People are beginning to talk. Bet-

But what are we to do? The decoy letter ter clear it up at once by giving me an is still unclaimed at the post office." "Put an expert on to the handwriting. alibi.' Shoot me, if he didn't say that Get samples of the chirography of everybetween eight and nine, when Jarrett body who is likely to have suffered by says North was shot, he was walking in the Public Garden alone, amoking a the operation of the firm."

The idea was so feasible that Inspec tor Applebee determined to put it in effect at once. He left headquarters and | permission to build across the mouth | ten Daily Post.

"So it does. But the queerest thing is hurried to the office of North & Stack- of the cove, which in later years was that he is not living at nome. Where house, where he hoped to find the junior known as Puddle dock, a bridge which

> Inspector Applebee rattled at the handle, and was quietly admitted by old bridge, the draw must have been put in office all to himself.

"Mr. Stackhouse?" said the inspector. bridge ceased to be a drawbridge. unspoken premonition of the old man.

"Poor old fool!" he thought; "he thinks the hour of the firm's disgrace his employer. Well, may be I shall, some day. But not yet-not yet.'

without ceremony. Thornton Stackhouse started up from the desk at which he had been writing, his face flushed, his manner agitated.

The inspector expected some word of more. But Stackhouse drew a full bridge.



HE HASTILY TRANSFERRED THE CONTENTS OF THE WASTE BASKET TO HIS HAT.

breath, set his teeth, and seemed to be waiting.

"Bless me," thought the inspector "He expects it too." "Well, Stackhouse," he said, with a reassuring smile; "is there anything new in the case?"

Stackhouse sighed and shook his head wearlly. His dry lips murmured: "Nothing.

He evidently understood that there was still a respite, but it did not seem to omfort him. His eye suddenly fell upor the paper on which he had been recently writing. He furtively seized it in his hand and crumpled it. The inspector, who observed this, im-

ing to turn toward Johson, stated his other house for several doors except the | purpose in calling. Stackhouse, falling into the trap seized the opportunity to tear the writing paper into strips, and cast it into the

mediately began to appear indifferent

to Stackhouse's actions, and, pretend

waste basket. han the murder. Consequently the "May I be shot!" was the inspector's woman must have been the criminal or inward ejaculation, "if that basket goes out of my sight till I have gathered up "She could not have failed to know | those bits of torn paper."

that North had been killed even if she Meanwhile he continued to talk about had no part in the deed. The fact that ' the threatening letter to North, which the gave no alarm-has not spoken a he held in his hand.

"It's altogether probable, Mr. Stackhouse," said the inspector, "that we have "Another fact, if you please. I have a very important piece of evidence here. discovered that North had somewhere It will require a most careful examinain his possession a 32 callber pistol. tion. Plainly, this is largely a matter That pistol was presumably in the of he Marlboro street house on the night of with. You have your stock books and so the murder. I have searched the prem- on available? I supposed as much. Be ses from top to bottom without finding good enough to have the books, with all the correspondence of the firm that you can secure, brought here. I will have an "But," continued Appletee, with a expert in handwriting secured at once neaning emphasis, "I did find the box | Of course, until after the funeral, your f cartridges-nearly filled-in a drawer office will be closed? Very good; we of the writing desk in the library where | shall be able to work uninterruptedly the man was shot. The drawer was for a day or two."

Gradually all traces of Stackhouse's agitation disappeared. He accompanied the inspector into the outer of fice. The books were got out. Jobson was sent after by the writing expert, and Stackhouse seemed to be eager and absorbed in the new quest. Applebee's op coal bins and examined the ash barrels | portunity came at last. Going into the inner office upon the first reasonable pretext, he hastily transferred the contents of the waste basket to his hat. Fortun ately he had a large head and his ha

was capacious. After the arrival of the writing experthe inspector did not linger long at the office. He suddenly discovered an errand. In five minutes he was locked in a private office alone, excitedly comparng, arranging, searching and pasting. As the writing was only on one side of the sheet, patience and a little mucilage soon effected a restoration of the whole. And this was the inspec you where and when I found that bit of | tor's reward:

"Oh, Marion! Oh, my beautiful and cruel wife! I will not ask you to have pity on me, for I know you hate and despise me. I will not ask you to think of my suffering and despair, for I know you have made up your mind that I deserve the worst misfortune that a guilty conscience can inflict. But, oh, for your own sake, I beg of you to tell me what that wicked and unscrupulous woman, whose name was upon your lips when we parted, has told you! If you knew what her purpose is, how she exists by blackmail and crime, you would be careful how you put faith in her. Perhaps she presented what seemed to be Remember proofs can be manufactured."

"Pshaw!" grumbled the inspector, hugely disappointed; "It's nothing but a wheedling love letter to his wife!" draw .- Cleveland Leader.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## PORTSMOUTH LIBERTY POLE One in New Hampshire Town Has Had

Continuous Existence for

Nearly 140 Years. night.-Philadelphia Press. The city of Portsmouth is the only one

in New England, it is believed, that still maintains a liberty pole. At that place, once known as Swing

Bridge, on January 9, 1766, the first "nostamp" flag was raised in what is now the United States.

it was specified should be provided with Disregarding the crape on the door, a hoist or draw to allow the passage which kept away less important visitors, of vessels into and out of the cove. Judging by the name given to the Jobson, who seemed to have the outer to swing sideways. There is no record, so far as known, as to when Swing

The old clerk covered his eyes with his Swing bridge came into prominence left hand and pointed to the door of the on January 9, 1766, and on that date the inner office. Applebes understood the name was changed to Liberty bridge. On that day a large number of the people of the town, headed by Capt. Thomas Manning, John Davenport, has come, and that I am here to arrest George Gains and others went to the house of George Meserve, on Vaughan street, and demanded his commission as He pushed open the door and went in stamp agent for New Hampshire, just received by him from England.

Mr. Meserve, who had some time previously declined to accept the position, gave up the document, which was borne aloft on the point of a sword at the head greeting-a grunt or a nod, if nothing of a procession of townspeople to Swing

Accounts as to what was done there with the document differ, one being that it was burned amid tumultuous rejoic-



EAGLE AND CAP, AND SHIELD OF LIBERTY POLE AT PORTSMOUTH.

ing and defiant shouts, another story being that it was torn to fragments and the pieces cast on the surface of the Piscataqua river at ebb tide, so that they might be carried to the ocean and wafted across to England to let the king see how the people of Portsmouth regarded his scheme for taxing the colonies.

Another and later account of the disposition made of the document is that the leaders on this occasion, after mature deliberation, decided that their action would be more impressive on the crown, if, instead of destroying it, they should return it to the power that issued it, which later was done, through the mediumship of a shipmaster who was sworn as a special messenger to deliver it to the ministers of King. George.

In the procession to the bridge was carried a flag bearing the motto, "Lib-

erty, Property and No Stamp." After a lofty liberty pole had been erected near the bridge, the work of but a short time by these hardy men, many of whom were experts in the handling of heavy spars, the flag was hoisted to its top, and Swing bridge was renamed

Liberty bridge, a name it still retains. It has been claimed, and never disputed as far as known, that this was the first erected of the many liberty poles that were set up in different New England towns between that time and the

breaking out of the revolutionary war. A new pole bearing a shield with the motto of the first flag. "Erected July 4. 1824. in Commemoration of July 4, 1776. that Declared Our Emancipation from Tyranny and Gave Us the Privileges of Freemen," stands on the same spot as the original one, having been erected in 1899, and formally dedicated with an invocation, music and an address by Hon. Calvin Page, the mayor of the city.

The pole took the place of one that was dedicated July 4, 1824, and which though taken down and repaired as effectively as possible in 1872, had become so weakened by age and decay as to be regarded as unsafe. The original pole was removed to make room for this one of 1824 and the

latter to make room for the one of

1899. That the spot has been occupied

by a liberty pole since the first one was put there by the "sors of liberty." long before the revolution, seems an assured fact. The subscription list for the pole of 1824, the repairs of 1872, the pole of 1899, and the flags that have at different times been provided are in possession of the "custodian of the flag," who, on the day of the funeral of any subscriber to the funds, displays the flag

special occasions worthy of the honor, he flies the same at the lofty masthead. That a liberty pole has had a continuous existence in this town and city for nearly 140 years is something that the citizens point to with pride.

at half-mast. On all holidays and

Charity in Real Life. "Now," said the kind woman, "I have procured some nice stockings for your two daughters. Won't they be glad to get them?"

the poor lady. "Mag an' Liz is purty perticular. Is they openwork stockings, mum?"-Chicago Sun.

"Well, I don't know, mum," replied

Art Note. Mrs. Syllie-My husband takes a deep interest in art.

Mrs. Oldar-You surprise me. Mrs. Syllie-Well, it was a surprise to me. But I heard him telling Jack Rownder last night that it was a good thing to study your hand before you

Miss Bute-Oh, yes, I feel pretty sure of him. I rejected him when he first proposed because I was positive he would try again. Miss Koy-You were right; he did try again and I accepted him last.

Right, But Left.

Not the Same. "You seem always to be hard up since you are married?" "Yes; that's so."

"But you have the same income you used to have, haven't you?"

In 1731 the town gave certain persons

"Yes, but not the same outgo."--Hous-